

The World.

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LONG'S DAILY CARTOON

THEY NEED IT.



Certainly we should have a whipping-post for mashers, and let the mashers do the whipping.

AS TO A MAP THAT DOESN'T.

POLICE SERGT. FREDERICK G. CARSON, of the Thirtieth street station, has drawn a map of the Tenderloin precinct. It is a beautiful work of art. But it is a study in still life. There isn't a dime marked on the whole chart.

It cannot be that Sgt. Carson's genius will remain long confined to station-house adornment. We shall presently hear of its exercise in other and larger spheres. We shall have the sergeant drawing these, among other things:

A chart of the National Administration's course unmarked by the rocks of imperialism and Trust domination.

A Populist campaign map without the free silver volcano.

A diagram of the Ice Trust showing no Tammany man within the lines.

An outline sketch of the public school system without a political grabber at every corner.

A plan of the Third Avenue Railway system showing no pirates in the subway.

A color scheme of the Roosevelt government showing no Platt guide boards.

These are great times for a clever draughtsman. And Sgt. Carson is it.

DON'T LEND DOLLS, GIVE THEM.

THE EVENING WORLD recently printed the story of the loan doll Louise, which, having been turned over to a New York industrial school by its former owner, has been the temporary property of a number of little girls who have no dolls of their own.

It is a pretty story, and this paper dislikes to put in a chilling word upon the kindly intended enterprise with which it deals. But unluckily this loan doll system is as unsafe as it is well meant. There could be no readier mediums than Miss Louise and her fine clothes afford for the transmission from one tenement home to another of whatever germs of childhood diseases might be about.

Besides, every child to whom Louise is loaned for a few days has to undergo the keen sorrow of a parting when the time is up and is thus made worse off than she was before the doll's visit.

There is a better and safer way to conduct this sort of charity. Instead of a "lending around" let there be a cheerful giving away of dolls by every well-to-do little girl who has a surplus. Then the small daughters of the tenements will have treasures of their very own—all for keeps and without microbes of passage.

END THE OVERCROWDING.

THE overcrowding of the tenement houses is one of the evils constantly forced upon the attention of the commission which is now investigating the conditions in and about New York's rookeries. How great an evil it is some figures from the vital statistics of various cities will indicate.

Berlin, where there is an average of 32 persons to a house, has a death rate of 25 to a thousand; Paris, 35 to a house, death rate 28; St. Petersburg, 52 to a dwelling, death rate 41; Vienna, the most crowded city in Europe, 55 persons to a dwelling, death rate 47.

New York has the advantage of a progressive sanitary rule. It has also a large portion of its population removed from the unhealthy neighborhood of the tenements. Hence its death rate is lower even than that of Berlin. Nevertheless, overcrowding and the greed of landlords produce their fatal consequences and the call for reform is great.

The commission will fail of its duty if it does not condemn old conditions and old tenements by wholesale. New York, being now sure of rapid transit, is also to be sure of room, light and air, which are the essentials of life. The sentence of banishment on the old tenement breeders of disease and death cannot be passed too soon.

While the Horton law is getting ready to breathe its last, it is relevant to remark that the fight arena is the most disapproved thing in engagement rings.

Hon. John D. Long has made elaborate preparations to surround the Vice-Presidential snap with a May State Monroe doctrine.

After all, as to the "good-fellow girl" pretty much everything depends on the sort of good fellows it is her fortune to meet.

Thursday night's frosts seem to suggest that the members of the Ice Trust gave even Dame Nature a cold shape.

TALMAGE'S SATURDAY SERMON.

The Elder Brother of the Prodigal Son.



REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

MANY times I have been asked to preach a sermon about the elder brother of the prodigal son. I received a letter from Canada saying: "Is the elder brother of the prodigal son unrepentant and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera upon the elder son. I could not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him.

I remark that the senior brother stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. Alas, for this spirit coming down through the ages! Cambyse, the brother he slew because he was a better marksmen, Dionysius and Philoxenus, whom he slew because he was a better singer.

Jealousy among painters. Francis, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sent him a picture. Francis, seeing it, falls into a fit of jealousy, from which he dies.

Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died, and a statue was lifted to him in a public place, his envious antagonist went

out every night and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body and it is killing to the soul.

Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in a fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to our lives is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulation within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—unhappy. How many pouting Christians there are in our day! Christians who do not like the music of the churches. Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, at the newspapers, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the Government, pouting at the church, pouting at the Government, pouting at High Heaven.

Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cures in their pastor always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper!

Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the frigidities and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who has embraced for the returning prodigal and coaxed words for the splendid malcontent.

Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch, put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out, in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God.

That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever and forever.

Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

THE PARIS BEAUTY WHO WON A PRINCE.

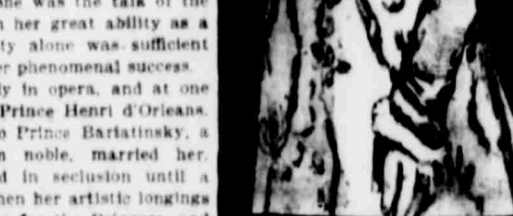
This is the latest photograph of Mile. Lina Cavallieri, the prima donna whose blond beauty and "golden voice" have won for her the title of "Paris Beauty." Mile. Cavallieri is the daughter of a Roman washerwoman and a new vendor.

The child was brought up like other peasant children in that land of song. Her wonderful voice attracted notice, but it did not occur to her parents that there was any money or fame in it.

Lina, however, dreamed of a future as a prima donna, and worked so steadily toward that end that she at length managed to go to Paris, where she took vocal lessons. Her singing master there quickly perceived what a treasure he had found.

In six months after her arrival in the French capital she made her debut on the operatic stage. Her success was immediate and electrical. Paris went wild over her. She was the talk of the day. Apart from her great ability as a singer, her beauty alone was sufficient to account for her phenomenal success.

She rose rapidly in opera, and at one time infatuated Prince Henri d'Orleans. A year or so ago Prince Baratsky, a wealthy Russian noble, married her. The couple lived in seclusion until a few days ago, when her artistic longings proved too strong for the Princess, and she returned to the opera stage. The accompanying photograph gives an excellent idea of her slender, graceful figure, gowned in white tulle, with trimmings of black and silver sequins.



The World's Ivory.

Eighty thousand elephants are required annually to supply the world with ivory. Most of them come from South Africa.

PRETTY AND CHIC.



A pretty cloth gown has the skirt made with back folding plait, and the plainness of the front breadth taken off by a trimming of applique running around the hips and down the skirt in front about two-thirds of the way. The jacket, cut in Eton fashion, is ornamented with the applique, and its lapels are of an odd shape.

FOUR OF THE PRETTIEST OF STYLISH NEW HATS.



The first of these new and pretty hats, beginning on the left, is of basinet straw, trimmed with mauve silk, a huge rosette of mauve silk muslin and fancy plumes.

The second is a toque of coarse ecru straw, trimmed with lace scarfs, knots of black velvet and a rosette of turquoise blue silk posed jauntily against the hair.

The next is a Louis XVI. hat in white straw, trimmed with black lace and two black feathers. The transparent crown is of black lace over white muslin, with cross-bars of black velvet knotted at the back, the loops falling on the wearer's hair.

The fourth is a toque of faded blue straw, nearly covered with tulle, and a graceful arrangement of black velvet and jet at the side.

CAPTIVE MEMORIES.

To Arady has never been? Then let me give the mystic key—The password that shall take thee in To Arady.

Love—love that worketh charity; That holdeth all mankind as kin; That breatheth human sympathy.

Love is the only door therein; And love the "open sesame" Whereby thou mayest an entrance win To Arady. —James T. White.

Prune Charlotte.

Stew a dozen and a half large prunes, and when cold remove the stones and chop fine. Whip a pint of cream very stiff with three tablespoonsful of sugar, then whip the minced prunes into this. Line a glass dish with ladyfingers, or thin slices of sponge-cake, and fill the centre with the prune-cream. Set in the ice-box until time to serve.

PICTURES AND JOKES BY SOME FUNNY FOLKS.

GIVE PAPA A CHANCE.



Mabel (approach of new evening dress, which has just arrived from the dressmaker)—Oh, mother, how lovely! Do wear it to-night!

Mother—No, dear, not to-night. This is for when ladies and gentlemen come to dinner.

Mabel—Mother, dear, do let's pretend, just for once, that father's a gentleman!—Punch.

ONE COMPENSATION.

"There is one advantage the man with the hoe has," reflected Uncle Allen Sparks. "He can always work at his trade without any fear of being knocked down and kicked in the face by the man with the brass knucks."

THESE GIRLS ARE PROVOKING



Admirer—Will you be at home Wednesday evening? Beauty—I don't know. Are you coming?

MERELY AN OVERNIGHT.

"The evening wore on," so the poet wrote, But he somehow neglected to say What the evening on that occasion wore— But perhaps 'twas the close of the day.

A ROYAL DAINTY.

THE following is a favorite "5 o'clock tea" dainty with many members of the British royal family, who, by the way, are very partial to this sociable meal. It is made thus: Mix eight ounces of flour and eight ounces of sugar. Melt four ounces of butter in two spoonfuls of rasbini wine, then, with four eggs beaten and strained, make them into a paste, add caraway, roll out as thin as paper, cut with the top of a glass, brush over with the white of an egg and dust with powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven.

The Cook Gets Credit.

At Queen Victoria's table an odd custom, which originated in the time of George II., is preserved. As each dish is placed upon the table the name of the cook who prepared it is announced.

WHAT HAPPENED AT THE WHIST PARTY.



Mr. B.—I take very little interest in the game. It amuses me, though, to see how excited people will get over it.

Miss C.—Yes, isn't it just too silly?



Mr. B.—Hang it all, Miss C.! What do you mean? Don't you know enough about the game to know that the third player should play high? Great Scott!



Miss C.—Well, for gracious sake! Throwing away a trump! Couldn't you see the trick was mine?



Mr. B.—What in thunder is the matter with you? Leading hearts when you know they're trumping them!



Miss C.—"Misdemeanor!"



Mr. B.—Oh! If I only had a decent partner! She's awful!

Miss C.—People shouldn't ask a fellow like that to a whist party; he doesn't know the rudiments of the game!

POINTS ABOUT ETIQUETTE.

A Letter of Apology.

I have relatives to whom I have neglected to write or even go to see during the last six months. I want to write one of them an apology for being so negligent, and I haven't the slightest idea how to write a letter of apology.

Your best plan would be to write a perfectly frank statement, just as you have to me. Candidly acknowledge your remissness, don't attempt to offer any excuse, but say that you are sincerely sorry for your neglect, and you hope that your apology will be accepted in the spirit it is offered.

White Shoes or Black?

Is it proper for a bride to furnish the carriage for her bridesmaid? Is it her place to provide an escort for her? Should the bridesmaid wear white slippers or black shoes? Her dress is white. CONSTANT.

Yes, the bride's parents should furnish the carriage for the bridesmaid, and should also supply her with an escort. It is a matter of taste as to the shoes, white or black would be in equally good taste.

Regrets.

How can I excuse myself for not being able to attend a wedding and reception, as circumstances will not allow me?

A formal regret is always in good form. It is only necessary for you to write something after this fashion: "Mr. Johnson regrets exceedingly his inability to accept Mr. or Mrs. —a polite invitation for July 7." Mentioning of course the proper date and names.

Best Man's Costume.

What is the proper dress for a best man to wear at a church wedding which takes place at 8:30 o'clock in the evening? Is a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat the proper thing? J. E. B.

Full evening dress should be worn at all social functions after 6.

TO READ WHILE EATING.



A device has been invented for holding a newspaper in position for reading while at meals. A spring clip is attached to the dinner plate. From this rises an upright wire, whose upper portion is fitted into a forklike groove to grasp the paper. The paper is folded into the desired form and inserted in the support, where it can be read with ease.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Wants Another Fire House.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I call the attention of the Fire Department to the necessity of having an engine and hook and ladder company located in the furniture manufacturing district, between Hester and Bayard streets, Bowery to Centre street, to save life and property. It keeps us on a constant lookout in this district, and the fear of fire is a great annoyance to us. Our city owes protection to our lives as well as to property, and this appeal is for one and all in this district. JAMES SMITH, Exempt Fireman.

College or Business?

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am a boy of fourteen, and graduate this Spring from the grammar school. Now, I want to go at once into business (being offered a position of \$4 a week to start on), but my parents, who are tolerably well off, wish me to go through college, or, at least, high school, first, saying I can then make better pay than if I were not a college man. I ask experienced readers which will be the best for me to do. JEROME P. CARET.

John Brown's Centennial.

To the Editor of The Evening World: While glorifying Dewey, Lincoln, Washington and others of our National heroes, have the American people forgotten that one hundred years ago on May 9, last, in a little town in Connecticut, John Brown opened his eyes to the world? ALBERT HARDY.

Subjects for Dictation.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Will some experienced stenographers kindly advise me as to what subjects are good for dictation exercises and where they can be obtained? I want to increase my speed. This will interest many learners. STENOGRAPHER.

Original Sapho Was a Greek Poetess.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of the word "Sapho," or if it is a proper name who was first so named? W. H. L.

Champion of America.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was John L. Sullivan champion of the world or champion of America? W. L.